THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

Vol. II.] THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1808. [No. 7.

ORIGINAL.

THE EYE-LASH.—No. V.

FOR THE EYE-LASH.

"O that I had been made an oyster! that I had been stationed at the bottom of the sea—the winds might have blown and swelled the waves mountains high; I should not have heeded them. Mankind might have satiated themselves with folly, iniquity and deceit—it would not have troubled me."

WHEN I look at man, the prospect disgusts me—I see a miserable animal endeavouring to heap his load of wretchedness upon another more miserable.—I see a weak, contemptible creature, aiming at happiness without any title to it, without knowing how to obtain it. I am tired of the world. The greatest villain is the most prosperous man! 'O that I were an oyster!'

See man in wealth—he knows not how to use it—he squanders his riches on the profligate and vicious, while the needy mendicant is denied the crumbs that fall from his table; he rolls in a splendid equipage, regardless of every virtue, and consults his discernment how he may best appear an object of admiration to the poor, and a mark of envy to his equals in fortune. He attains this pitch of greatness by fraud and dishonesty, and leaves no vice unpractised by which he may surcharge his coffers. He cares nothing for his fellow creatures and refuses to relieve their miseries; if he is indebted for his prosperity to friendship—gratitude knows no place in his heart. Degraded man; blush for thy crimes—go hang thyself!

In a middle sphere, he is in agonies until he can rival the richest in wealth, he is ever unhappy at the prospect of mediocrity, and anticipates with pain the strokes of misfortune;

he passes sleepless nights in revolving over the means of adding to his moderate heaps, and wastes his life amid the frauds of speculation, and the fear of poverty.

The poor man is no less miserable; he envies the rich, and is continually mourning that the mines of wealth are beyond his grasp; he is wretched—all are unhappy—no one enjoys life, and each is always fool enough to dread death.

What a wretch is man! where is the individual that deals justly? Some appear honest, because they have sufficient cunning to conceal their dishonesty—others are openly notorious, for the want of art to hide their villany—I hate the name of man! 'There is none that is good, no, not one.' All act from the impulse of interest; pride, envy, ingratitude, and every wicked incentive are the foundation of all their actions. Justice is buried in the earth, and philanthropy is extinct. 'O that I were an oyster!' TIMON.

TIMON has indeed sketched a dreadful picture—but his misfortunes have too deeply coloured the shades. It is fit that we should always be engaged in exertions to increase our means of subsistence, and for that purpose a moderate love of gold is certainly requisite; but as TIMON observes, too many follow the rule "Get rich if you can honestly, if not, by any means get rich." Fraud, chicanery, and all manner of cunning, are used by some, but it is ungenerous and cruel to suppose any particular class criminal, because one individual in that class may be dishonest. The vices of man have attained a pitch which will soon be intolerable—and TIMON has, in his writing, anticipated the time; but we confidently hope the world will be so far candid as to bestow merit where merit is due, and transfer the prosperity of the villain to the honest and upright citizen. It should be impressed strongly on our minds, that excess of confidence as well as excess of suspicion, should be carefully avoided in our intercourse with men—by indulging the former, we may frequently become the dupes of villany; by suffering the latter, 'we grow unsocial; in time morose; and at last misanthropical.'

I should be pleased to hear from my correspondent a short account of his life; as it must have been extraordinary, to produce such inveterate enmity to his species, and utter indifference of life. G.

IT is not the place, nor the condition, but the mind alone, that makes any one happy or miserable.

SELECTED.

THE PASSIONS; OR, 'TIS ALL MACHINERY.

A fragment from HELVETIUS.

(concluded from page 71.)

CHLOE, mean time, not yet having heard any thing of the matter, is secretly rejoicing at the many little tokens of tender fidelity discovered in the behaviour of her lover; she gives, therefore, innocently, loose to the luxury of the sweet suggestion. She hummed an air, of which every trill denoted the happiness of the singer. She played a tune upon the guitar, and suited it to the enchanting hope of her situation. A neighbour came in, somewhat hastily; but she, in a still greater hurry, insisted upon his drinking a glass of good wishes to her friend Carius. She ran to the side-board, and presented the glass—I must insist on your congratulating me on my reconciliation with my friend Carius, with whom I had a little quarrel; but I am now all life, joy, and transport, for Carius has been with me, and all is over. 'Tis all machinery, you know, Sir. All is over, indeed, madam, for I fear Carius is dead—The glass and Chloe fell upon the floor, 'Tis all machinery. The gentleman was much affected, applied all his endeavours to recover the lady; he stamp'd, he soothed, he swore, he cursed himself for his rashness, though he was the most deliberate of men.—Carius was not dead. The lovers were both languishing, and messages were every hour dispatched to make enquiries. One day the tidings were bad, and then they were both worse—'Tis all machinery; another day brought better news, and then the hopes of both revived—'Twas all machinery. Gradually, both recovered. The village bells rang, the cottagers made a holiday, and the hey-dey of health returning, 'Twas all machinery: Carius and Chloe were married. At the end of the first year, the wife became a parent. What rejoicings on the morning of the child's birth! the mother's pains were soothed by her hopes. The father prayed, sung, wept and laughed by turns; he kissed his suffering Chloe ten thousand times, in token of gratitude; and he sat by the side of the bed—'Twas all machinery. The child made up a wry, discontented face, on its first entrance into this wicked world. The gossips congratulated the parents on its roaring stoutly. 'Twas in fact, nothing but ma-

chinery. About the middle of the day, the child fell into fits; gloom overspread the whole family—the father wept, the mother sobbed.—'Twas all machinery. In the evening, the poor little one, being unable to support the convulsions, died.—All was silence, solitude and sorrow; the gossips went away. The curtains were a third time drawn; sadness presided over the whole ceremony; but still 'twas all machinery. Time is a certain lenitive, and yet, neither Carius nor Chloe ever believed they should taste another day's pleasure. Never—no never, my dear, shall we again be happy; our first-born, our darling, is in the grave; happiness, farewell. About six weeks after this, when Chloe had got again into her parlour, a man, on a panting, hard-ridden horse, brought a letter for Carius.

Your rich uncle William is dead. You are, unexpectedly, heir to his whole fortune, amounting to several thousand pounds a year. His horses, his parks, his every thing are yours.——

Only think of this, Chloe; we can now have our town house, and our country house, our coach and our chariot, our phæton, and our vis-a-vis; aye, and what is better, if you and I should again be blessed with a babe, we can make him as rich as Crœsus.——Heigho! sighed Chloe. Pshaw, replied Carius, we are both young, and we love one another; let us enjoy our new possessions; children will come of course. Will they? Ah, Carius, I wish we had such another as poor dear Billy.—Can you doubt it, Chloe?—He gave her a kiss of promise, and she appeared to have more faith. Nature and Cupid sat laughing. Imagination saw them. 'Twas all machinery.

In two or three months afterwards they were the happiest couple in the universe; now and then, however, they quarrelled and then made it up; now and then they kissed, and now and then they cried; they were now and then disposed to repine, and now and then inclined to be satisfied; now and then trifles pleased them, now and then teazed them; twenty hours produced twenty changes; but in every change, it was still machinery. Upon the whole, Carius and Chloe were very good sort of people; they buried three children, yet still lived to have happy hours; they brought up four, yet could fairly have parted with three of them, who were good for nothing. In a word; it was all a wonderful motley mixture of health, and sickness, joy and grief; it was human life; 'twas the constant whimsical workings of those passions, which do what they will; it was all machinery.

SELECTED.

THE JOURNAL OF A WOMAN OF HIGH TASTE FOR A WEEK.

I AM young, not ugly, and possessed of what is called a genteel fortune: I am therefore rather importuned by the men; but as I shall not choose, when I change my name, to alter my style of life, I have drawn up a journal for a week, that the man who marries me may know what he has to expect.

Sunday. Rose late, not having any thing material to do—In twenty minds whether I should go to church or not—Upon looking in the glass happened to be pleased with the air of my head—ordered my chair——might as well staid at home—little company, so chatted most part of the time with Mrs. Caustic, who pulled half the congregation to pieces. *Mem.*—People who live regularly, and come constantly to church, are not a bit better than one of us. Made fifteen morning visits—Walked in the green——Wind monstrous high—Shewed my new slippers to advantage, though there were scarce any but the mob to see them——Dined alone——quite stupid, and so sat down to begin my journal—threw it aside—did not know what to do with myself—sat upon every chair in the room—Perked up at seven, and dressed for lady Counter's rout—Held shocking cards, and actually lost fifty guineas at loo, which lord Lurcher offered to lend me. *Mem.*—It is not come to *that* yet. Went to bed excessively out of humour, and dreamed that I had lost every thing, and that I had a crowd of fine fellows laying their hearts and fortunes, like so many *corporation addresses*, at my feet. *Mem.*—The latter part of the dream not amiss.

Monday. Rose early, being determined to order a dress after a fancy of my own, which should both elevate and surprise; which should, by adorning my person, raise the envy of every other woman, and make her ready to tear my eyes out—Gave up the whole morning to this laudable design, in close consultation with Pinup, my woman, and the habit-maker—Three o'clock; tired to death with their nonsense, ordered my chair—Slipped out in an undress, to dine with my most intimate friend Mrs. Lovejoy, a pretty young widow, left with four squalling brats, and a very small jointure—Communicate my design to her, because I know the scantiness of her purse would not permit her to rival me—Left her dy-

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ing with envy, and came home to order an additional trimming—Sat jogging my foot and meditating on the conquests I should make—Sir George Freeair announced—Ran to the glass—Hair *derangee*—Was going to be denied——but finding myself in a humour to trifle, admitted him. Divinely dressed! but looked more at himself than me——An impertinent coxcomb. *Mem.*—Determined to think no more of him.

Tuesday. Lay in bed late, thinking that Sir George might really have made me half in love with him if he had taken the right method. *Mem.*—The men are all fools. A visit from lady Harriot Hairbrain before I had done breakfast—Desired to go with her to hear the ode—A great deal of good company there—Told by lord Courtley that I was handsomer than the Venus of Medicis. *Mem.*—His title agreeable enough; but an Irish peer with a poor estate is not the thing. Began to think I should never be married—Found by the bills that Fischer was to play—Sent in a hurry to Lovejoy's, insisting upon her being my *chaperon*—Went late on purpose to make the fellows stare—Told by Lovejoy that she was charmed with my fancy in my new dress, and that she resolved to have one of the same; adding, that she would keep the children another half year from learning to dance, as she was one of their guardians, and let them live entirely on potatoes and milk.

Wednesday. Waked by Pinup, who told me that the habit-maker waited——Rose in an instant, tried on my new dress, and found myself an absolute nymph——Not a sufficient disguise for the masked ball—Having appeared in almost every female character but a mad-woman, fixed upon that, as it would allow a vast scope for the imagination in dress, sentiments, and language—Began to practise my attitudes before the glass, while Pinup was decorating my hair with straw—Interrupted by Sir George—Intreated to admit him of my party—Hesitated whether I should or should not consent—Recollecting that *the woman who deliberates is lost*, granted his request—Threw him into extasies——Apprehensive of having gone too far——told him that I had changed my mind, made him a courtsey, and wished him a good morning, adding, that I was engaged for the rest of the day—Heard him mutter the words *confounded flirt*, while he flew out of the house, and laughed aloud at his disappointment—Order my chair to lady Figet's—Joined by a very smart officer in the guards, destined to foreign service. *Mem.*—How

ridiculous, to send all the fellows out of the country!—Talked to Mrs. Clackit, about powder for cleaning the teeth—Informed by her where to get the best rouge; and assured by her, *upon her honour*, that Miss Bloom painted white, half an inch deep—Hurried from thence to Mr. Tripit's ball—Danced an allemand with lord Languish——Frowned on by Sir George Freelove the whole time, who wanted however to engage me for cotillons afterwards. *Mem.*—Men are capricious creatures.

Thursday. Waked with a violent head-ache, after having danced all night with Sir George—Huddled on my cloaths, and went a shopping with Mrs. Sharpley and Miss Craveall—Turned over an infinite number of silks, but bought nothing——No variety—No new patterns—Ordered a suit of lace, but without knowing whether I could pay for it—Stepped into a warehouse to choose a masque—Stumbled upon Sir George's domino by chance—determined to plague him all night——Longed for the evening—Prevented from dressing by a formal set of relations from the country, who think that going to the masquerade is very little better than going to the devil. *Mem.*—How detestable are such tabbies!—Yawned till they left me, and then dressed for masquerade——Followed Freelove, and told him a fine story of Miss Lovely—found him eager to discover me, but was too cunning for him—Had the satisfaction of hearing the *pretty mad woman* admired—Refused dancing with a masque I did not like, and seeing Sir George near me, screamed when he became impertinent, and affected to faint—A quarrel on my account, and a challenge. *Mem.*—Nothing makes a woman so much talked of, nothing raises her consequence so much as a duel; when a woman is known to be *the taste*, she may do just what she pleases.

Friday. Did not rise till noon, having been up all night—Sat with the hair-dresser till dinner was upon table, as my head had not been combed out for six weeks——Obliged to visit some cousins—A most tiresome evening—Pestered with a thousand questions—Minutely criticised, and awkwardly imitated. Told by my aunt that it was not proper for young women to be out late by themselves—Waited on home by a horrid common-council-man, who would have made love to me in the coach—Treated him in return, with such ineffable contempt, that he will not, I imagine, attempt to speak to a woman of fashion again in a hurry.

Saturday. Received as soon as I was up, a letter from Sir George, requesting a kind of catagorical answer to his proposals. *Mem.*—Does the man think I am mad in earnest, to give up my liberty already? On second thoughts, married women may take prodigious freedoms—Did not choose to send Sir George a serious answer—Received a visit from him in person in a couple of hours—Was found by him with a young fellow, who came purely to kill time—Accosted him with a shout, and told him that I thought he had either been run through the body, or shot through the head—Disconcerted on his leaving me with an impertinent reply—Shut myself up to consider how I should recall him—Went to bed at one in the morning (earlier by two hours than in any night in the whole week) without being able to think of any thing to the purpose.

Such is my journal for a week, and if you think it merits a place among other literary curiosities, it is very much at your service. CHARLOTTE SPRIGHTLY.

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THE FOLLY OF SELF-TORMENTING.

MR. ADDISON says, that when people complain of weariness or indisposition in good company, they should immediately be presented with a night-cap, as a hint that it would best for them to retire. I own I am one of those that have no idea of carrying either my cares, or my infirmities out of my own habitation, except in such instances as I am sensible they can receive relief, or mitigation:—Why should I unnecessarily wound the good-nature of my friend, or make myself contemptible to my enemies?—if the communication of my grievances really interrupts the satisfaction of those amongst whom I am cast, I have hurt them without benefiting myself; and, on the contrary, if they only dissemble with me, it is a species of ridicule which my mind is not calculated to sustain—but you will allow me to observe, that I confine myself on this occasion to the valetudinarian, and the magnifier of trifles into calamities—for to deny the severely attacked, whether mentally or corporeally, the relief of complaining, would be to strike at the root of humanity, and forfeit the characteristics of our nature.

To come, however, more immediately to the point, I must tell you, that I have perhaps the most curious set of relations

you ever heard of.—My mother, poor woman, her affections are sanctified by their poignancy and sincerity—the loss of the man she loved, and a consequential decay of constitution —but then I have an aunt that is evermore upon the rack of her own imagination; not a change of weather, or a change of situation, that does not produce some present or prospective agony. If the day is fine, her corns inform her that we shall have rain to-morrow—if the sun is tolerably powerful she expires with heat, or if temperate she anticipates the inconveniences of approaching winter—if she perceives a cloud, she is for running into an obscure corner to preserve her eyes from lightning—and when she beholds a clear horizon, trembles for the consequence of a drought. Not a melancholy intimation is dropped in her hearing, but she instantly recollects a thousand dreadful disasters she has either experienced or escaped; and when she is told of any extraordinary piece of good-fortune's reaching people unexpectedly, she repines at the ungraciousness of her stars, that withholds every such blessing from falling to her share.

A brother of this lady's, consequently an uncle of mine, who had met with a cruel disappointment in love, at a very early period of his life, was so morose as to insist upon it, that women were universally unworthy, and universally unfaithful—tell a story to their advantage, and he was petulant; mention them with severity, and you apparently tear open his old wounds—if he was treated respectfully by them, they were deceitful, and if they behaved coolly he complained of being despised—when the younger part of his relations were disposed to be merry, his head ached, and when they were serious, they treated him as if he was a bug-bear—when he was consulted what he would choose for dinner, he was teazed, and when unconsulted, he was neglected—But to sum up all—after years of assiduity and attention, on the part of all his relations, excepting your humble servant, whose independent spirit frequently incited him to raillery, he died, and left me every shilling of his fortune as a reward for my sincerity.

A young fellow, who stands in the relationship of cousin-german to me, is what may justly be entitled a constitutional self-tormentor—for he was so from his infancy. When a school-boy, whatever was in another's possession, was always considered by him as much better than his own—his top never spun so well, nor his marbles rolled so dexterously as those of his companions—his task was always harder than any

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body else's, and his repetition of it listened to with prejudiced ears by our master.

On entering into life, this strange humour increased upon him; he conceived every dinner he was not a partaker of, much more excellent than the one he participated—Every taylor, if he changed a dozen times in a month, was smarter than those he employed, and every estate, he heard of, happier situated, and better improved than his own, though the rents were absolutely inferiour to what he was in the receipt of. He attached himself to a fine accomplished girl, but soon found out that her sister was much more charming; the sister had a young friend who had as much the advantage of her, and that friend a relation that surpassed them all.—His strange humour and inconsistency, soon marked him for an object of contempt; and however, out of respect to his family, he is to this day received in some few houses, he is tolerated not approved, pitied not honoured, notwithstanding his birth, education and estate.

I have a sister which is the last oddity I introduce to you at this period, that is evermore labouring under some imaginary disease—She sits down to table without an appetite, it is true—but then she has been eating all the morning—her complexion is extremely fine—but the bloom of nature is called a hectic—her voice that is naturally sweet, is changed into an affective whine, and her nerves are so delicate, that one of my honest laughs is sufficient to throw her into hysterics—I have taken great pains to convince her of her folly, but if I attempt to rally, she bursts into tears, and I am hurried out of the room as the greatest of all barbarians. I make daily resolutions to renounce all connexion with so ridiculous a groupe of wretches; my resolutions, nevertheless (barbarian as I am) are dissolved by their applications to return to them, though the infallible consequence of our re-union, is an abrupt separation.

Is it not astonishing, that people in no degree deficient in understanding, and blessed with affluence, should be such enemies to their repose, that instead of attending to the distresses of others, which they have the power so amply to relieve, they thus defeat all the gracious purposes of Providence, where their own happiness is concerned, and neglect all the opportunities of doing good, that lie before them?

Your humble servant,

GEORGE GOOD-FELLOW.

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

PATRIOTIC SONG.

HAIL! happy Columbians, who gloriously live
United in liberty's cause,
Who feel the sweet blessings which freedom can give,
And own no supreme but your laws,
CHORUS.....With our ensigns display'd,
By no terror dismay'd,
Shout the joyful huzza!
To Columbia huzza!

Unite ev'ry voice and accord ev'ry soul,
For her freedom our praises be giv'n;
Let the loud trumpets clang, let the martial drums roll,
And our cannons proclaim it to heav'n.
With our ensigns display'd, &c.

Our firm independence and courage proclaim,
That our grey-headed sires may rejoice;
And our children, inspired by the voice of our fame,
May defend and partake of our joys.
With our ensigns display'd, &c.

United, and dear independence our boast,
And warm'd by our fore-fathers' blood,
Inflamed by their deeds, we will dare the fierce host,
And tread in the paths they have trod.
With our ensigns display'd, &c.

But still may Columbia, should Tyranny's car,
Beyond the wide blood-tintured main
Roll in blood, red with slaughter and horrible war,
Just, peaceful and happy remain.
With our ensigns display'd, &c.

As the cheerful moon peeps thro' the turbulent sky,
When tempests, and thunders resound,
So, safe from their wars may Columbia on high
Calm, look on the tumults around.
With our ensigns display'd, &c.

THE STRANGER.

ORIGINAL.

THE STRANGER BOY.

UNNOTICED and unknown I roam,
From parents, friends and native home,
Ah! many a mile;
Each face I see is strange and new,
All pass me without 'how-d'ye-do?'
Or e'en a smile.

No social friend in this strange land,
Sweet smiling takes me by the hand,
And talks with me.—
At home, e'en Tray, poor faithful Tray,
Would howl for joy and round me play,
In friendly glee.

Hail! native solitary woods,
Ye clear, unnavigated floods,
And forests wild!—
Ye valleys, silent, dark and deep,—
Ye mountains, craggy, high and steep—
Romantic piled.

Oft in my solitary walks,
I startled Echo from your rocks,
When but a boy:
Astonishing the silent wood,
While little Tray, who by me stood,
Bark'd out for joy.

Ye happy days—now gone, adieu!
But dearest spot, ere long, on you
I'll drop some tears;—
But then your shrubs will trees be grown,—
Your trees by storms will be o'erblown,
Or changed by years.

My school-companions will be men,
My dear loved parents may, ere then,
With age decay;—
The school-house, mould'ring, stand alone,
The school-path be with weeds o'ergrown,
Or plough'd away.

THE STRANGER.